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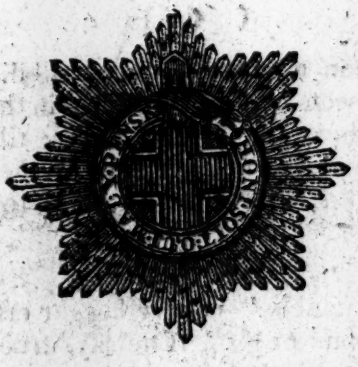

A gentleman, who was well known to be fond of his bottle or two, said one day, after having drank pretty freely, "the wine is very thick."—"No, no," said a friend, "it is *you* are too thick with the wine."

Marguerite de Valois.

Marguerite de Valois, who understood Latin, on seeing a poor man lying on a dunghill, exclaimed

"*Pauper ubique jacet.*

In any place, in any bed,
The poor man rests his weary head."

The man, to her astonishment, replied,

"*In thalamis hac nocte tuis, regina jacerem.*
Si verum hoc esset, pauper ubique jacet."

Ah! beauteous queen, were this but true,
This night I would repose with you."

Sagacity of Bees.

A hive of bees, which had just swarmed, went into a fruit shop on the north bridge; they had been attracted by the smell of the honey, and the fruit in the shop. This affords a striking proof of the

the uncommon acuteness and sensibility of these wonderful insects. : They continued in the shop and on the windows for several hours, till a person, acquainted with the management of them got hold of the *queen bee*, and induced them to go into a hive.

The Beggar.

" I am unable," yonder beggar cries,
" To stand or go." If he says true, he *lies*.

Property.

The golden hair that Galla wears
Is her's—who would ha' thought it;
She swears 'tis her's; and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

Suicide.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

Precaution.

A citizen of Paris, at a little representation of *Misanthropie & Repentir* (Misanthropy and Repentance,) took out his *par-a-pluie* (umbrella,) to save his clothes from being spoiled by the *shower of tears* from the second and third boxes.

Moderation.

About an hundred years ago a zealous presbyterian priest at Glasgow used to employ his eloquence to animate his flock against Louis the XIVth. " O Lord," would this pious man exclaim, " be pleased, of thine infinite mercy, to take this haughty tyrant of France, and shake him over the mouth of hell! *But gude Lord dinna let him fa in*".

The Amorous Old Man.

Still hovering round the fair at sixty-four,
Unfit to love, unable to give o'er;
As flesh fly, that just flutters on the wing,
Awake to *buz*, but not alive to *sting*.
Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can,
The teasing *ghost* of the *departed man*.

Acrostic on the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt.

P laced at the helm, the wonder of the age;
I n Britain's noble senate firm and sage;
T hy counsels to thy country's welfare tend,
T hou scorn'st to swerve, thy honour ne'er will bend.

Repartee.

The famous painter Mignard was, for the tenth time, perhaps, drawing the picture of Louis the XIVth. "You find that I look older," said that great monarch to the celebrated painter. "Sire! It is true that I see many more campaigns engraved on your Majesty's front."

The Humourist.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

Report.

I heard last week, friend Edward, thou wast dead,
I'm very glad to *hear* it too, cries Ned.

Sunday's Ordinary.

An honest Hybernian, in St. Giles's, probably preparing for the union, has had a board painted on

on his door with the inscription, *A good ordinary every Sunday in the week.*

Bon Mot.

Le premier jour de sa detention Mons. Linguet, Vit entrer dans sa chambre un homme qui lui offrit ses services.—" Qui etes-Vous?" dit le celebre avocat. " Mons. je suis le barbier de la bastille." Il y a longtems que vous auriez du l'avoir rasee."

The Humane Creditor.

Laissez-moi mourir à mon aise;
Répondit foiblement Lucas;
" Oh! Parbleu! Vousne mourrez pas;
" Que je ne sois payè;" dit Blaise.

English Translation.

Oh, let me die in peace! Eumenes cry'd,
To a hard creditor at his bed-side.
" How! die!" roar'd Gripus; thus your debts
No, no, sir, you sha'nt die till I am paid."

The Stage Coach.

" I do not see," said an old maid in a stage coach, " why women might not command at sea; the duty of a captain or an admiral does not require much personal exertion: at the sea fight of Salamis, the only captain of the Persian fleet that behaved with proper spirit, was a woman. Artemisia being closely pursued by one of the enemy's ships, brought her prow to bear on his side, and sunk him at once."

" A pretty manœuvre, indeed," cried a sea officer, " if I had commanded I would have shewn

the

the Persian she captain the odds of it—run her head against my broad side, indeed! But how should women know any thing of sea matters?"

Lamentations on the Loss of a Husband.

When painful Lazarus in his grave was laid,
His mournful wife this lamentation made:
"I've lost, alas! (poor wretch, what must I do)
"The best of friends, and best of husbands too;
Thus of all joy and happiness bereft,
And with the charge of two poor children left,
A greater grief no woman sure can know,
Who, with two children—*who will have me now.*"

The Priest, the Soldier, and the dying Negro.

The priest began to perform his office; the negro heard him in silence.

Soldier—You see, my good father, he believes in all you say; you may now, without any further delay, give him absolution and extreme unction, and every thing needful to secure him a snug birth in paradise.

The Priest—You are fully convinced, friend, that it is only by a firm belief in all the truths of the holy catholic church that—"

Soldier—God love your soul, my dear father, give him absolution in the first place, and convince him afterwards; for upon my conscience, if you bother him much longer, the poor creature's soul will slip through your fingers.

To-Morrow.

To-morrow I will live, the fool does say,
To-day's too late, the wise liv'd yesterday.

Adieus

Adieus of an Irish Soldier to a dying Comrade.

"Be not dismayed, my honest lad; for although it is a long march to heaven, you will be sure of glorious quarters when you get there. I cannot tell you exactly how people pass their time, indeed; but, by all accounts, there is no very hard duty, unless it is that you will be obliged to sing psalms and hymns pretty constantly—that to be sure you must bear with: but then the devil a scoundrel who delights in tormenting his fellow creatures, will not be allowed to thrust his nose into that sweet plantation; so my dear, God bless you: I am convinced you will be as happy as the day is long in the other world, all the rest of your life."

The Salique Law, from an English Groom travelling, to one of his Friends in England.

"——— I have seen many ladies since I came abroad, ride on horseback like men, and I am surprised their husband's permit it. But, I am told, the women here do whatever they like, for all over France the *grey mare is the better horse*: yet, what contradicts this, and what I cannot account for, is what I heard yesterday, that by a law, (I have forgot its name, though it sounded something like a beck) by that there law, he said, that no *woman* can be *king* in France. . . . But you will say, Can there be no queen in France, then? Yes, whoever the king marries is queen, and as long as her husband lives she may govern him, and rule the nation as much as she pleases; but when he dies she is not permitted to rule any longer, except the next king pleases.

"Now

" ——Now this shews, and you may tell your sister Bess so, that in spite of all the coaxing and courting which the French use to the women, yet they are false hearted to them at the bottom, and do not respect them so much, as to the main point, as we English does; and yet one of these d—d parlivoes will go farther with some women in a day, than an Englishman in a month.

Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense.

Two Lancashire hobs, not overstocked with learning, sometime since going into St. Paul's chapel, at Manchester, being more engaged with what they could see than what they could hear, the king's arms, newly painted there, chanced to attract their attention; when, observing the motto on the garter, one says to the other, *in their own dialect*, " Neaw luthee Jim, what's that ots written ith reawnd about theer, cont mek it eawt?"—" Eigh, eigh," says Jim, " its *Honey Suit Quills made a Pens:*"—" Nay," says the other, " aw con mek it eawt better than that—its *Honey Sweet, and Mellow Pears.*"

Democratic Berries.

Persons fond of fruit should be very cautious what gooseberries they eat, as a very fine large sort, of a purple brown, was introduced last year, called *Buonaparte*. No doubt they contain the *seeds* of revolution, and those who eat them of course must imbibe *French principles*.

Copy of an Advertisement.

An American newspaper advertised a sermon in the following words: " Just published, A Sermon on

on the Duties of Christian Forgiveness, by the Rev. J. Tinley; to which is added, the original Receipt for making Spruce Beer—!!"

Bees.

However the human race may, in their industry and other properties, resemble the bees, the inventors of gun-powder seem at least to have adopted the principles laid down in the Georgics for *allaying disquietudes*, as applicable alike to either people; by the *Pulveris exigai jactn," the proper direction of a little dust*, the business is settled in a moment!—extending the experiment in other cases to *gold dust*, it may not, perhaps, lose much of its effect.

Epigram.

If poor JOHN BULL, while none but he,
So toss'd his crib about when madded;
How fierce and dreadful must he be
When all the IRISH BULLS are added!

Epigram on the recent Alteration of the Inscriptions on some of the public Buildings at Paris.

Equality in France we see
So troublesome an elf,
It cannot in the streets *agree*,
With even Concord's self.

The Will.

A Lawyer, being sick, made his will, and gave away all his estate to lunatick, frantick, and mad people: And being ask'd why he did so replied, "from such he had it, and to such he would give it again.

An

An Usurer had constantly two dishes brought to his table, but eat but one; his man once brought but one, and left the other behind. "Sirrah," said his master, "where's the other dish?" "Sir," said he, "it has come so often, I thought it would have found its way hither without my assistance."

Activity.

As a parcel of gambolling young fellows were together, trying feats of activity, up stands one of the company with a challenge: "Look ye, gentlemen," "says he," "you shall see me stand upon one leg a whole hour together; and I defy any man of the club to do it after me." "Nay," says one of the gang, "there is none of this company will pretend to't, sure; but I'll shew you a goose that can, and longer than yourself."

True Religion.

One Sunday, in the morning, a man, whose appearance bespoke that his creed lies in the uncorking a bottle, a kind of bung-hole bigot, reeling up to a person then going to chapel, exclaimed, "what thou'rt going to the methodist meeting this morning! that's *thy* religion?"—"My religion," replied the former, taking off his hat, is, "Church and King, and DAMN all Jacobins!"

Set thy Face against Mount-Seir.

An honest farmer who reads the bible every Sunday, (according to the custom of better times), came lately to his rector, and asked him, "whether this war would not *go hard* with the French?" The doctor said, if it pleased God, he hoped it

it would. "Nay," said the farmer, "I am sure it will then; for thus he declares by his prophet Ezekiel, chap. xxxv. ver. 1. "SON OF MAN, SET THY FACE AGAINST MOUNT-SEIR." Now my wife, who is a better *scholar than I am*, says this can be nothing but *Monsieur*, the Frenchman. And in almost the next verse it is stronger than that, for there, doctor, the prophet adds, "O MOUNT-SEIR! I WILL MAKE THEE DESOLATE!"

Insensibility.

A gentleman was waked in the middle of the night, for the purpose of being informed that his father was dead; he turned again to sleep, saying, "Oh! how I shall be grieved in the morning, when I awake again."

Epigram.

Brush says, I publish jingling rhymes,
And all my verses sound like chimes:
One line he quoted from my song,
And cry'd, "Here goes *ding dong a dong*."
Still let him give such dispraise,
I'll say no more than proverb says:
As noisy *bells* in steeples *clink*,
So noisy fools will often *think*.

Charles II.

Once in conversation with one of his favourites, named Temple, asked him, which he thought the best mode a king could pursue to maintain his authority against his parliament. Temple's reply was, that he had heard Gourville, an intelligent Frenchman, once say, "A King of England, who is the man of his people, is the greatest king in the world; but if he endeavours to be more, by God, he will be nothing!" The king, struck by this remark, seized his favourite's hand, saying, "I will then be the man of my people."

The Bruising Parson.

A certain bruising parson, of the name of Day, being examined at the Old Bailey on some point, the council according to the laudable custom of the court, attempted to browbeat him; "I think you are the bruising parson," said he; "I am," answered the reverend divine, and if you doubt it and will come out of court, I will give it you under my hand."

Anecdote.

When Henry the 4th of France was once visiting a town at some distance from the capital, according to the usual custom, the chief magistrate began an oration, which Henry, who was a sensible man, had much rather have dispensed with. It so happened, that just as the mayor commenced his fulsome *oratory*, an ass began braying—"one at a time *gentlemen*," said his majesty, and rode off; leaving the poor mayor and his attendants in the greatest chagrin.

Epigram.

Robert complained much one day
That Frank had ta'en his character away:
I take your character, says Frank, G-d z—s
I would not have it for ten thousand pounds!

Practical Algebra.

Dr. Wilson, a particular friend and admirer of Garrick, was a great punster; he one day seeing Dr. Brocklesby coming into Batson's coffee-house, then chiefly used by physicians, addressed him by the name of Dr. Rock; to which the Doctor objecting with some warmth, Wilson undertook

dertook to prove it algebraically, thus Brock--less B— that is, Brock without the B— which it cannot be denied is Rock.

No Pleasing.

A drummer of the 104th regiment executing his duty on an Irish recruit, who was to receive a certain number of lashes; the fellow, as is customary, cried out, "Strike high, strike high:" the drummer, who was also an Irishman, desirous of obliging his countryman, did as he was requested; but the sufferer still continuing to roar out through pain, the drummer was offended—"The devil burn you," quoth he, "there is no pleasing you strike where one will."

On a Scotch Presbyterian.

An old Scotch Presbyterian, sour and sly,
The Lord *preserve* me always us'd to cry:
To whom a buxom wench did jeering say,
Preserving you, were sugar thrown away:
Preserves are ever made of sweetest fruits;
With your sour nature vinegar best suits:
Alter therefore your prayer, and from this day,
Good Lord, pray pickle me, in future say.

The Jew and Christian.

A Jew and a Christian were conversing familiarly by the side of a well, when the former happened to fall in without receiving much hurt, and the Christian flew for a ladder to help him out. As he was eagerly endeavouring to put it down into the well, "It is not worth while, (says the Jew) I will make no use of your ladder; to-day is Saturday." He remained therefore up to the chin in water till next morning, when his friend came to know how he

he had fared during so cool a night. "The ladder! the ladder!" (cries the Jew) "for the love of God bring back the ladder!" "Heaven forbid! (replies the Christian) to-day is Sunday."

Vowels.

A gentleman and his friend, passing along Newgate-street one day, were stopped by a crowd. On enquiring into the cause, were informed, one *Vowel* was to be hanged; when one of the gentlemen observed to the other, he wondered *what Vowel* it was, and received for answer, "neither *U* nor *I* you may swear, so let us pass on."

A Symbol of Insufficiency.

A modish gentlewoman being compelled, by her mother, to accuse her husband of insufficiency; and being in the court, humbly desired the judge that she might write her mind, and not be obliged to speak it, for modesty's sake: The judge gave her that liberty, and the clerk was immediately ordered to give her pen, ink, and paper; whereupon she took the pen, without dipping it into the ink, and made as if she would write. Says the clerk to her, "Madam, there is no ink in your pen."—"Truly, Sir, (says she) that is just my case, and therefore I need not explain myself any farther."

The Miser and the Mouse.

To a Mouse says a Miser, "My dear little Mouse,
"Pray what may you please to want in my house?"
Says the Mouse, "Mr. Miser, pray keep yourself quiet,
"You are safe in your person, your purse, and your diet:

" A lodging I want, which e'en you may afford;
" But none would come here to beg, borrow, or
board."

Epigram.

One day, behind my lady's back,
My lord attack'd her maid,
And stole a kiss, which she repaid;
And gave him smack for smack.
Pert with such freedoms, " Pray (said she)
" Who kisses with the greatest glee?
" Is it my lady? is it I?"—
" 'Tis you, no doubt," he made reply.
" Why, in good faith, it must be true,"
Resum'd the wanton dame;
" For Tom, and John, and chaplain too,
" All say the very same!"

Proclamation for a Scotch Fair.

O Yes! and that's ae time: O yes! and that's twa times: O yes! and that's the third and last time.—All manner of persons and persons whatsoe'er, let 'em draw near, and I shall let 'em ken that there's a fair to be held at the muckle town of Langholm, for the space of aucht days; wherein, if ony hustrin, custrin, land-louper, dub-scouper, or gang-the-gate-swinger, shall breed ony hirdam-dirdam, rabblement, or squabblement, he shall hae his lugs tack't to the Muckle Trone, wi' a nail o' twal-a-penny, until he's down o' his hob-shanks, and up wi' his dowp, and pray to Heav'n nine times, God bless the King! and thrice the Muckle Laird of Renton! paying a groat to me Jemmy Farguson, Baily o' the aforesaid manor. So ye hae a' heard my proclamation, and I'll hame to my dinner.

Epigram

Simplicity.

Gross instances of weakness of intellect are ludicrous. A Venetian of moderate understanding mounted his horse to go into the country. His servant followed on foot, close behind him. The horse kicked the valet; who in a passion flung a stone at him, which struck the master on the back. The master chid the servant for walking so slow. "I cannot walk faster,' replied the valet, "for your horse has given me a kick." "Ah! a beast;" replied the master: "I will give him his due; for he has just *kicked* me on the back.'

Sterne.

The duke of Newcastle being one day engaged in conversation with the late witty author of Tristam Shandy, and observing that men of genius were unfit to be employed, being generally incapable of business: the wit sarcastically replied—"They are not incapable, my lord, but above it; a sprightly, generous *horse* is able to carry a pack-saddle as well as an *ass;* but he is *too good* to be put to the drudgery."

Louis XV.

Was told that one of his guards was in danger of instant death, from having, by way of joke, swallowed a crown-piece. Good God!" said the king, "run for Andouillet, La Martiniere, Lassone," his surgeons! "Sire," said the duke of Noailles, "these are not the proper people." Who then?" "The abbé Terray, Sire." "The abbé Terray! how so?" "Oh! he will come and lay a first tenth on the crown, then a second tenth; then a first twentieth, and a second twentieth; and so

the crown will be reduced to three shillings, like ours; it will then pass by the usual alimentary canals, and the patient will be cured."

The Scotch Bagpiper.

A Scotch bagpiper travelling in Germany, opened his wallet by a wood side, and sat down to dinner. No sooner had he said grace, than three wolves came about him; to one he threw bread, to another cheese, till his provender was all gone.--- At length he took up his pipes, and began to play; at which the wolves all ran away. *"The deel faw me"*, said Sawney, *"gin I had kenn'd ye lo'ed music sa weel, you should ha' haen it before dinner"*.

Address to two young Ladies by A Ramsey.

TO THE FIRST.

Upon your cheek sits blooming youth.

TO THE OTHER.

Heaven sparkles in your eye.

TO BOTH.

There's something sweet about each mouth;
Dear Ladies let me try.

One kind Kiss before we part.

A young lady having purchased an assortment of music at a warehouse, situated in the western part of the metropolis, on returning to her carriage recollected a piece which she had neglected to buy. —" Sir," said she, on re-entering the shop, "there is yet one thing which I had forgotten, and which I must now request you to give me.—" And what is that?" replied the young music-seller. " It is

sir—One kind Kiss before we Part."—The gay youth, vaulting instantaneously over the table, saluted the fair stranger!

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader, (who will recollect the song "One kind Kiss before we Part!") that it was an *air* of a less touching nature than the one given by our hero, which the lady expected to receive.

Father Adam.

Father Adam was a Jesuit of Limosion, who was silenced afterwards for preaching against St. Austin. The Queen-Mother, coming out from one of his sermons, asked a courtier who was near her, what he thought of the discourse. "Madam," replied the gentleman, "the sermon convinces me of the truth of the doctrine of Preadamites." "How so?" says the Queen. "Because, Madam, I am now certain that Father Adam is not the *first* of men."

Epigramme.

Damon n'aime que lui; Je ny vois aucum mal;
Pouvoit il mieux choisir, pour etre sans rival.

Epigramme.

Chloris est avare, Chloris aime l'argent;
Elle achetre son teint, la reste elle le vend,

The nicest part of a Fowl.

The Byram Khan was one day at his dinner, when one of the attendants burst into tears. Byram asked the cause, when the youth said, "that the delicacies before him had reminded him of those he had enjoyed in the house of his father, who was a reduced gentleman." Byram replied, "If thou hast

hast really being used to good living, tell me which is the nicest part of a fowl?" "The skin," answered the youth. Byram promoted him in his household.

The Poet and Miser.

A poet composed some verses in praise of a miser, who gave him nothing. The next day the poet wrote a satire upon him; to which the miser paid no attention. The day following the bard seated himself at the gate of the miser, who seeing him, enquired what he wanted. "I am waiting (said the poet) to see thy corpse carried out, that I may compose thy funeral dirge." The miser laughed, and gave him a handsome present.

The want of Brains.

A taylor following the army was wounded in the head by an arrow. When the surgeon saw the wound, he told his patient, that as the weapon had not touched his brain, there was no doubt of his recovery. The taylor said, "If I had possessed any brains, I should not have been here."

The Bad Preacher.

There was a bad *preacher*, whom no one attended who had once heard him. Descending from pulpit one day after sermon, he missed his slippers, and accused the muzzin (*clerk*) of stealing them. "I am rightly served," said the man, "for being the only one who staid to hear thee."

The pilgrimage.

A rich Shirauzee, a rich Shirwaunee, and a poor Cazveenee, went together on a pilgrimage to Mecca. When the holy ceremonies were finished, the

the first, in gratitude for the completion of his religious vow, manumitted his slave named Mubarik, and the second liberated his female slave Rooshana. "I," says the cazveenee, "have no slaves to free; but I most cordially liberate my wife and children from having any thing to do with me."

Epigram.

On the newly imported Feindle mode of wearing Watches in the bosom,

Among our Fashionable Bands,
No wonder now if *time* should *linger;*
Allow'd to place his *two* rude *hands*
When others dare not lay a finger.

A Humbug.

At a late assize in Ireland, a witness was asked whether on a former occasion he had not given a different account of the transaction? He admitted the fact, but said that he was then *humbugged* in the business.—"*humbugged!* (replied the counsel impatiently) I do not understand the phrase."—"I thought, rejoined the witness) that every person understood it: but to explain it by a familiar instance—If I were to tell the noble Lord on the bench, or the gentlemen who are sworn to try this cause, that you were an *able* council, that would be to *humbug* both Judge and Jury!"

Anecdote.

The first Lord of the Admiralty.

A chaplain of a man of war lately took his text from the 107th psalm, verses 23, 24:—*They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in the great waters; These see the works of the Lord, and his*

his wonders in the deep. In order to accommodate his discourse to his hearers, he descanted at large *on the power of God over the ocean, his bounty to those seamen who engage in his service, and his granting protection to all who address their petitions to him.* After he had finished his harangue, he proceeded to catechise a boy, who had been brought up aboard a ship in the profoundest ignorance of every thing, except what related to the nautical profession, and among other questions asked him "What was God?" *Why, Master,* replied the boy with the utmost simplicity, *I suppose as how he is the First Lord of the Admiralty.*

Comical Sign Board

Upon the door of a house occupied by a father and son, the former a blacksmith and publican, the latter a barber, near Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, is a board expressing as follows:—"Barnes and son, blacksmith and barbers' work done here—horse shoing and shaving, locks mended, and hare curling, bleeding, teeth drawing, and all other furriery work. All sorts of spiratus lickers akording to the late comical trety. Take notis my wife keeps skool and lays fokes as you shall teaches read ing and riting and all other langwetches, and has a sist aunts if required to teech horitory, sowing the mathew matics; and all other fashionable diversions.

The Reprobate Painter.

A Painter of great wit, being employed by the capuchins of a convent to paint them an alterpiece, the subject of which was to be the Temptation

tation of Christ in the Wilderness, painted the Devil in the habit of a Capuchin Friar; and when the reverened fathers came in a great rage to demand the reason of this piece of profane insolence, the painter replied, "Wherefore, my good and ghostly fathers, should you be offended? for what better disguise could Satan find to impose upon our Saviour, than the holy habit of Saint Francis; which, as you all know, is the best emblem of innocence and virtue?"

A nobleman telling the husband of a lady, remarkably beautiful, that he could never look at his wife without beaking the tenth commandment; Your lordship," replied the gentlemen, "is welcome to break the tenth commandment as often as you please, provided you do not break the seventh."

A gentleman begging Villars, the witty Duke of Buckingham, to employ his interest for him at court, added, that he had nobody to depend on but God and his grace. "Then," said the duke, "your condition is desperate: you could not have named any two beings who have less interest at court."

The Two Negatives.

The late lord Lyttleton, hearing that G——, a noted sharper, had married Miss V——, who was an idiot, and daughter of his particular friend; the first time he met the lady's father, being at a loss how to congratulate him upon so extraordinary an event and alliance, at last exclaimed, "By G—d. V——, your grand children will be prodigies." "Why so:" "Because," replied his lordship, "your daughter is a *fool*, and her husband's

band's a *rogue:* and at school I was taught to believe that *two negatives make an affirmative.*"

Dignum.

When Dignum made his first appearance at Drury-Lane theatre, he was not so remarkable for his taste in dress, as in singing. The ladies in the green-room were accustomed to rally him on his attire and his person, which is short and lusty: Dignum, who is a worthy good-natured man, took all in good part, until the night he was to play Cimon. Having arrayed himself with much care, he rushed rather proudly into the green-room, and demanded of Charles Bannister, who was to perform Merlin, if he did not look well—"No," replied Charles, "you look more like a *hog* than a *simon.*" (*Hog* and *simon* are common names for a shilling and sixpence.)

A Purchase.

A young lady at Kingston, in Jamaica, in purchasing some rabbits of a negro, took them by the hind legs, to smell if they were sweet; which the innocent African considering as an improper trial, exclaimed, "Ah, ah, Missee, that no fair—if buckara man take you, Missee, by the leg so, would you no *smell* too?"

An Epitaph.

T: I: W.
—on—
K: I: won: Tu: B: E: C.
No os P. H. G: V: oh T: I.
T. I.
We: H: S: S: G. Ni: H: T. L. L
Ad.
Nat: Se: Ja: Se: Fil.

The Hermaphrodite.

A bird-catcher, who was also a fisherman, had one day spread his nets, into which a flock of birds was nearly entering, when the clamour of two disputing students affrighted them, and they flew away. The bird-catcher abused them for having deprived him of his day's livelihood; upon which the scholars begged pardon, alledging that, in the ardour of disputation, they had not seen the birds, or his nets. "Well," said the man, what is past cannot be helped; however, let me know what you was arguing upon so vehemently." "We were disputing" said one, "whether an hermaphrodite partakes most of the male or female sex." "What is an hermaphrodite?" asked the bird-catcher. "A creature" replied the scholar, "that is both male and female." "God be praised" said the bird-catcher, "that I am so much wiser than I was!" and took his leave.

Some few days after this, he caught some fine fish, which he presented to a generous nobleman, who rewarded him most liberally. The nobleman's wife, thinking her husband had given him too much money, accused him of extravagance: upon which he ordered a servant to follow the fisherman, with directions to ask him whether the fish were male or female, and according to his answer demand the money back, saying, "My master does not want either." Upon the servant's asking the question, the fisherman, who guessed that the nobleman had repented of being too liberal, recollected what he had heard from the scholars, and said, "My fish are neither male or female, but are both in one, being *hermaphrodites*." The noble-

man was so pleased with this answer, that he added a handsome sum to what he had before given, and the man blessed the scholars for disturbing his birds.

The Duke of Marlborough.

This great General, observing a soldier leaning pensively on the butt end of his musket, just after victory had declared itself in favour of the British arms, at the battle of Blenheim; accosted him thus. "Why so pensive, my friend, after so *glorious* a *victory?*" "It may be glorious," replied the brave Briton, "but I am thinking, that *all* the *human blood* I have *spilt* this day, has only *earned one four-pence!* To the credit of humanity be it spoken, that the Duke, turning aside, a tear was observed to fall from his cheek.

Sublime Poetry.

In the 74th Psalm of Sternhold and Hopkin's version, will be found the following curious lines. David is addressing the Divine Being, and thus exclaims—

"Why dost thou draw thy hand aback,
And hide it in thy lap!
O! pluck it out, and be not slack,
To give thy foes a *rap.*"

Pay-day, An Epigram,
Stat sua cuique Dies.

To Childermas day some object,
Some Friday deem a bad day;
But Will, by no such notions check'd,
Lets no day be a sad day:

More

More cheerful still, as more in debt,
He makes each day a May-day;
Nor would he ever fear, or fret,
But for that queer day,—*pay-day!*

Claud Sanguin's Petition.

Claude Sanguin, a French poet, who died at the close of the last century, having had his house consumed by lightning, sent the following ingenious card to Lewis XIV. on the occasion. The Monarch at once felt the delicacy of the Poet's verses, and the distress of his situation, and cheerfully ordered him the one *thousand* crowns, which were the object of his demand.

To engage in your matters belongs not to me,
This *Sire*, inexcusable freedom would be;
But yet, when reviewing my miseries past,
Of your majesty's income the total I cast,
All counted (I've still the remembrance quite clear)
Your revenue's *one hundred millions a year*;
Hence *one hundred thousand per day* in your pow'r,
Divided, brings *four thousand crowns to each hour*;
To answer the calls of my present distress,
Which lightning has caus'd in my country recess,
May I be allow'd to request, noble *Sire*,
Of *your time fifteen minutes*, before I expire.

One way to wipe off a Debt.

A fire happening at a public house, one of the crowd was requesting the engineer to play against the wainscot; but being told it was in no danger, "I am sorry for that," said he, "because I have a long score upon it which I shall never be able to pay."

Attention

Attention to Business.

A pawnbroker being upon his death-bed, the priest who attended him, held up a silver crucifix. The poor dying man, *forgetful of his Jesus*, fixing his eyes upon it, cried out in a faint tone, "I cannot lend much upon it."

On a Melancholy and Pious Lady.

Biblis does solitude admire;
A wondrous lover of the dark;
Each night puts out her chamber-fire;
But just keeps in a *single spark!*

'Till four she keeps herself alive:
Warm'd by her piety, no doubt;
Then, tir'd with kneeling, just at five,
She sighs—and lets that *spark go out.*

Blessings in Disguise.

A court martial was held to enquire into the conduct of a worthy veteran, and the sentence pronounced by the gentlemen who presided, discovered evidently their good sense, and their real opinion of the subject. On this occasion, the Major General talked of benefits which he had, or which he meant to have conferred on the honest man. "If I have experienced any benefits from your Grace," said the old soldier, "they have, like certain blessings of the Almighty, *appeared in disguise.*"

King's Birth Day, 1800.

In a conversation lately between a *Volunteer* and a *Lady*, the following Dialogue took place

Lady, You had a disagreeable *wet* day yesterday, for exercising.

Volunteer

Volunteer. Yes, madam, but being *inured* to hardships, we brave all danger for the good of the Country.

Lady, Manured indeed!!

Good fat Mutton.

An Irish peasant was taken before a magistrate on a charge of having stolen a sheep, the property of Sir Garrat Fitzmaurice. The justice asked him, if he could read; To which he answered, "A little." "You could not be ignorant, then," said Mr. Quorum, "that the sheep found in your possession belonged to Sir Garrat, as his brand (G. F. M.) was on it." "True," replied the prisoner, "but I thought the three letters stood for Good Fat Mutton."

Conundrum.

A fashionable *emigrant* was invited on Michaelmas day last to dine with an alderman in the city, in whose hands he had lodged money, and was for a long time tormented with the extravagant encomiums on a *giblet-pye*, which his host was most voraciously devouring. "Have you ever, mounseer," said Mr. Greerfat, "have you even seen any thing like it?" "Nothing in my life," replied the other, "except your Worship's wig." "Ha! ha!" exclaims the alderman, "that's a *good-one*. But pray how is my *wig* like that *pye*?" "*Par Dieu*," rejoined the Frenchman, "because it has a *goose's head* in it."

A Jew outwitted.

A Jew lately deposited a ring with his friend, a publican, telling him in confidence, that its real

value was only two guineas, but suggesting at the same time, the probability of selling it for much more, by raising a report of its being a very valuable antique ring, lately found in an old box belonging to the publican's deceased aunt.

The story had its effect, and in consequence, most of the neighbouring Jews repaired to the public house, under the pretence of calling for a little *Hollandsh* and *waters*, but in reality to obtain a sight of this curious ring, which was at length sold to one of the children of Israel for five guineas.

The publican then sent for Moses, and put into his hand two guineas, accompanied by the following words: "There is the real value of your ring as you told me yourself: the other three guineas are mine in right of my *poor dear aunt*, to whom I am heir at law.

Moses, highly incensed at being outwitted, lost no opportunity of telling this story, not seeming to suspect that there was any thing improper in his own artifice, but complaining bitterly of what he calls a *Christian bite*.

Reasons against Gaming.

Some gentlemen being at a tavern together, for want of better diversion, some proposed play; "But," said another of the company, "I have fourteen good reasons against gaming." "What are those?" said another. "In the first place," answered he, "I have no money." "Oh," said the first, "if you had four hundred reasons, you need not name another."

Henry

Henry IVth and the Abbot.

Henry IV. being given to the love of other women besides his queen, was sharply reproved by a rich abbot, his confessor. The king seemed to take the rebuke well; and invited him that day to dine with him, where the abbot fed very heartily upon a dish of roasted partridges. His majesty observing this, asked him why he did not eat of some other dishes, which he thought better. The abbot told the king, nothing could be better to him than roasted partridges, for it was his beloved dish above all others. The next day the king caused the abbot to be arrested, and committed close prisoner to the Bastile; with a strict command to the keeper to let him have no meat but roasted partridges; which at first pleased the abbot; but, having no other diet for a week together, he began to nauseate it. At the week's end the king sent for him under pretence of examining him; and having urged him to a confession of the treason he charged him with, the abbot pleaded his innocence, and confessed nothing. "Well," said the king, "since you are so obstinate, you must e'en go to prison again:" to which the abbot replied, "I do beseech your majesty if I must be confined that I may be ordered some other diet." "Why, what diet have you had?" said the king: "Nothing," answered the abbot, "but partridges." "Why," said his majesty, "you told me that was the diet you loved best." "'Tis true," said the abbot, "but always *partridges!* I now *loath* them, and beg other food." "Very well," replied the king: "It is just so with me. I love my queen above all women in the world, but *always the queen, always*

ways the queen!—this is too tiresome, and makes me sometimes desire *change of diet* as well as you do." So laughing at the abbot, he set him at liberty.

A remarkable Eater.

A remarkable eater, who picqued himself upon devouring as much as six other men could manage, was brought before Henry IV, expecting that monarch would make him a present to keep his chops a going. The king, who had heard of this hero of the platter, asked him if it was true, that he could eat as much as six? "Yes, Sire," answered he. "And do you work in proportion?" added the king. "Sire," replied he, "I work as much as any of my strength and age." "Get along;" exclaimed the king, "had I *six* such as thee in my kingdom, I should cause them all to be *hanged*, to prevent a famine."

A new Method of taming a Wife.

A husband had a wife who railed and growled without ceasing. Tired of this noise, he caused a cradle to be made the size of his wife, and suspended it in the middle of a room, by ropes fastened to the ceiling. Having communicated his design to two of his friends, he invited them to dine with him. As soon as the wife saw them, without knowing the invitation, she began to chide her husband, and the more he tried to appease her, the more obstreperous she was. This obliged him, with the assistance of his friends, to hand her into the cradle, where they fastened her down, so that she could not move; and began to rock her with all their force. She roared till she was hoarse,

hoarse, but all in vain; the rockers continued their toil. At length she began to be silent: for the moment she muttered, they recommenced rocking. Ever after when she growled, he whispered, "the cradle;" and by a few more exercises, rendered her as tame as a lamb.

A Hat in your Head.

A bishop was consumed with the desire of being a cardinal. He envying the good health of his treasurer, and said, "How do you manage to be always well, while I am always ill?" The treasurer answered, "My lord, the reason is, that you have always a *hat in your head;* and I have always *my head in a hat.*

Small Profits.

A Quaker sold a piece of goods to a person, for which he asked two Guineas, and on the gentlemans objecting to the price, replied, "Indeed friend we cannot sell it for less, I only get two shillings and sixpence by thee;" upon which the gentleman paid the money and departed: immediately one of the partners (of whom there were four) who had been standing near and heard the whole, said "friend Joel, didn'st thou mistake when thou said two shillings and six-pence was the whole profit, knowing that we get ten shillings, by the goods" "True," replied Joel; "but I said to the man *I* only get two shillings and six-pence by thee, which is the truth, then there is two shillings and six-pence for thee, and the same for each of our two friends."

6

On the splendid Funeral of a Miser;

By Mr. T. Park.

Rich Gripe, to gain a liberal name
Kept open house too late;
For that was only once, says fame,
And then—he lay in state.

A Bill of Parcels.

The following curious item appeared in a bill delivered into the hands of the Treasurer of a Soup Society, by a Caledonian bricklayer—

The Gentlemen of Great Marlow, Dr.

For HANGING A COOPER to make soup for the poor people	}	15s. 6d.

Bon Mot.

At a late sessions in Yorkshire, one person asked another, if he knew the cause of Mr. Such-a-one's leaving the bench after hearing a few causes? "I am told," said the other, "that he has been seized with the *gout* in his *head*." "For heaven's sake," rejoined the enquirer, "when you mention it again, call it a *cholic*; the world may then suppose, especially from its happening at a *Quarter Sessions*, that *he has some guts in his brains*. You may add, that a *friendly* physician *certified* so much."

An Errant Boy Wanted.

Two Bookbinders boys passing a window in Warwick lane, one of them espied the following inscription, an "Errant Boy wanted here" "Jack said he" here is a place that will suite you to a tittle, that you are a Boy there needs no proof, and that you

you are an Errant one every body is well acquainted.

Recent Anecdote.

As Messrs. W. and H. were coming over Black friers Bridge lately, they saw a Butcher on horseback carrying a Calf before him, on which Mr. W. said "there goes a Horse, an Ass and a Calf, on four legs" and a Mule too rejoined Mr. H. "how so" replied Mr. W. why it is very well known to all who are the least conversant with Buffon, that a Mule is between a Horse and an Ass, therefore the saddle is the Mule.

Parody on the Indian Death Song, by the late Francis Grose, Esq.

The capons are good, and the goose has his day,
Yet the Hog from them both bear our praises away;
Begin then to reckon how much we may gain,
If to twenty-five stone our pig should attain.

Remember the price that he cost at the fair,
Remember the pease that were bought for him there;
But since these have not been bestowed in vain,
A lover of bacon should scorn to complain.

Remember the acorns he eat on each day,
And the wash from our dairy, by John fetch'd away;
See the cost rises fast; now let's think of the gain,
For at four-pence a pound there's no room to complain.

He goes to the shop where his father is gone,
Whose weight by five score did not equal his son;
Of his puddings and chit'lings at market the gain,
Will leave to his owner no cause to complain.

He's

He's sold to the factor, who purchas'd his sire;
Who more of the breed does at all times desire:
He deals like a chapman, nor envies our gain,
And leaves us no room to grudge or complain.

The Funeral Supper.

Doctor Riley of Monmouth, an Irishman by birth, married a superannuated and sickly old woman, who was possessed of an annuity of 100l. per Annum, and the house in which she lived, and of which by her marriage articles she retained the disposal; the Doctor, who to do him justice had most carefully watched over her health with the greatest solicitude, either out of love to her, or her Annuity, finding she could not live many days, made use of every endearment to induce her to leave him the house; amongst others, he consulted her about her Funeral Supper, asking her whether she did not think a gammon of bacon they had in the chimney, with half a dozen fowls then in the coop, would be sufficient? The old lady surviving a day or two beyond his expectation and some of these fowls being killed for her use, he kindly expressed his fear to her, that there would not be sufficient left if she did not die in a day or two, for the above mentioned occasion.

Another instance of his attention was, the recommending a particular person to make her shroud, saying she was famous for making them neatly.

All these blandishments had not their desired effect; and though he even requested her in direct words to leave him the house, she bequeathed it to another.

Sir.

The word *Sir* has a great variety of significations: With the appellation of Sir, an Englishman addresses his *king*, his *friend*, his *servant*, and his *dog*. He makes use of it when asking a question politely; and a member of parliament merely to fill up a vacancy, when he happens to be at a loss. *Sir*, in an enquiring tone of voice, signifies, What is your desire? Sir, in an humble tone, gracious sovereign! *Sir*, in a surly tone, a box on the ear at your service! To a dog, it means a good beating; and in a speech of parliament, accompanied by a pause, it signifies, I cannot now recollect what it is I wish to say farther.

This House to let enquire at next door,

Thus read *Bannister* to *Wilson*, on the front of a dwelling, which had been apparently unoccupied for some years—"I'll make some enquiry about this", said *Charles*—"Will you be so kind to inform me, Sir, what is the annual rent of that empty house?—"Fifty pounds, besides taxes"—"Will you let any thing with it?"—"No, why do you *ax*?—"Because if you *let it alone*, it will tumble down."

H—A—D.

Epitaph.

Here lies the quintesense of noise and strife,
Or in one word—here lies a scolding wife;
Had not death took her when her mouth was shut,
He dar'd not for his ears have touch'd the slut.

The *new* Irish peers will have the advantage to bring their *titles* to a country where their names

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have not been known, which will prevent the confusion that arises from *alias's* and *ci-devants*.

" What are the ingredients, Master Apozem?"
Chalk and Water."——————FOOTE.

The late *Lord Ross* engaged an apothecary, in Oxford-Street, to attend three of his servants who were dangerously ill, and went to Ireland without discharging the account—In about two years after this event, he returned to London, and was traced by the apothecary, who knew his carriage, and stoped him in Bond-Street—*Lord Ross* enquired for the bill, which the understrapper of Esculapius presented in at the window with a receipt—The sum total was sixteen pounds ten shillings and sixpence, which the nobleman thinking an exorbitant charge, pulled out his purse, gave the pharmacopolist half a guinea, and then ordered his coachman to drive on; but not before the enraged apothecary had surveyed the limited recompence with surprise, and exclaimed, in the hearing of the mob, *" Ah you Irish bite, I have got six and three-pence by you now!"*

" The Manners Living."

The purity of the English bids fair to rival Spartan manners. Our females approach to a state of *nakedness;* our soup shops furnish *black broth;* and the London Flour Company propose to give us plenty of *brown bread*.

Transubstantiation.

It is to be feared that the fundamental tenets of popery have infected persons of a higher class than maid-servants: the man who can believe that

guineas

guineas are *cheese-parings* is not far from the doctrine of *transubstantiation.*

An Apology for Puns.

I am told that the *Chancellor* struck the table so violently the other day in council that he split it!

Why, he certainly is a man of great power, and if he can't split a table, I'm sure he can *divide the board!*

What's his name?

I don't know!

Where does he live?

To the best of my knowledge I can't tell!

A finish.

Why is the *Prince* of *Wales* like Purity?

Because he is seldom disguised!—

What with liquor, you mean?—

The allusion was not to his *head,* but his *heart!*

Bon Mot.

An impudent beggar, on the authority of the words in the twelfth chapter of Malachi, "Have we not all one God, our common father?" asked alms from Maximilian, addressing him by the title of brother. Not satisfied with the sum given him by the Emperor, he further importuned him. "Retire," replied Maximilian, in a gentle manner, "for if all your brothers gave you as much as I have now, you would be *richer* than I am."

Louis IX.

When this Prince heard that Nicholas Raulin, chancellor of the province of Burgundy, who was a most notorious extortioner and usurer, had in his latter days founded an hospital for in-

digent persons: Louis observed, that it was but barely an act of justice, in a man who had reduced so many to poverty, at least to provide them with lodgings.

Aristippus.

When Plato chid the philosopher Aristippus for his luxury, in purchasing some fish, Aristippus asked Plato if he knew the price of them. Plato answered in the negative. Being informed, Plato confessed that he should have purchased them at that price. "Then Plato," replied Aristippus, "you see that I am not so fond of *fish* as you are of *money*."

Sir Thomas Moore.

Lord Bacon, in his Essays, Moral and Civil, gives the following anecdote of Moore, whilst he was Lord Chancellor. A person, who had a suit in chancery, sent him two silver flaggons, not doubting of the agreeableness of the present. On receiving them, Moore called one of his servants, and told him to fill those two vessels with the best wine in his cellar; and turning round to his servant, who had presented them, "Tell your master," replied the inflexible magistrate, "that if he approves my wine, I beg he would not spare it."

Buenas Noches!

A Spanish gentleman, who had but one eye, used frequently to attend a tennis-court, whenever any match of skill was played there. One day, the ball was so violently struck against the other eye, as in a moment to deprive him of the use of it. He bowed to the company; and, without apparent

parent emotion, left the court, saying, "Buenas noches!"—"*Good night, gentlemen.*

Bon Mot.

Though I object to stories that may bear any marks of a loose meaning, yet I cannot suppress the following facetious one, as it shews that men of the greatest gravity can unbend with their lives in private. Mons. A***, professor and principal in the academy of Saumur, used to spend five hours of the morning regularly in his study, and was very punctual at the hour of dinner. One day, on his not appearing precisely at the dinner-hour, his wife entered his study, and found him still reading. "I wish, my love," said the lady, "that I was a book." "Why so?" replied the professor, "Because you would then be constant to me." "I should have no objection," rejoined the professor, "provided you were an *almanack.*" "Why an almanack, my dear?" "Because I should then have a *new one* every year."

Epigram.

Spurina wishing for an heir,
To ev'ry saint put up a pray'r;
And, leaving his fair wife at home,
Resolv'd a pilgrim far to roam.
Now, zealously, St. James to please,
He pass'd the distant Pyrenees.
Now climb'd the Alps, immers'd in snow,
Before St. Peter's shrine to bow,
Passing the Adriatic sea,
Before Our Lady bent his knee.
Now traversing the vasty brine,
Visits the holy Palestine.

Now, on a camel's back stuck fast,
Arabia's scorching sands he pass'd;
To Sinai's Mount his course he bends,
And good St. Cath'rine's fane ascends.
How did the gracious saints repay
This long and pious voyage? say.
Spurina found, and great his joy,
His wife safe suckling her third boy!

A Rum Duke.

When the Duke and Duchess of R—— were travelling in Kent, they alighted at an inconsiderable inn, where the host was uncommonly savage. The Duke, supposing that he did not know the quality of his guest, told the landlord, with some *fierte*, that he had a privy counsellor in his house, who could commit any insolent fellow to prison, in any manner that he thought fit. "That may bee," said the man rather coarsely, "but I does not care for a counsellor, any more than for an excoiseman; I poys scot and lot, and all the counsellors in Britain may kiss my—". "What, fellow," rejoined his Grace, "have you no regard for your superior officer? But I'll make a circumvallation about your fortification, you miscreant, and spring a mine, and blow you to perdition, I'll take out my *dedimus* here immediately," said he to the Duchess. "Oh fie, my lord Duke, don't think of it in such a situation as this." "I will, by the Lord," roared the prince of redoubts. "Nay, then, as I see your Grace is determined," rejoined the lady, "for the sake of decency, stay till the fellow leaves the room."

How to prevent a Horse from falling.

An honest *Tar* hired a horse to carry him a few miles, but before he had gone many yards, he found he possessed the usual *excellencies* of the unfortunate four-footed hirelings of the road, such as blindness, lameness, stumbling, &c. &c. The sailor, however (having been unshipped twice with very little ceremony in the length of half a mile, by the creature falling on its knees) hit upon a very whimsical mode of curing the impediment, which was by tying a large stone to the tail, and in that state rode it several miles, swearing, "shiver his timbers, but it was the only thing to prevent the ship's going too much a-head."

A Whimsical Will.

The Will of M. Wiltsipol, recorded at the Prerogative Office, contains the following whimsical Passage.

"I leave to my wife, Elizabeth, for her dower, all my lands in —, and during her life, which is very little short of 200 marks by the year, trusting (yea, as I may think assuring myself) that she will marry no man for fear to meet with so evil an husband as I have been."

Never mind it.

No expression is repeated oftener than this, *never mind it*. A porter one day fell down and cut his head on the pavement. "*O never mind it*," said a person who happened to be passing by. "I had a trunk fetched from a ship, in a boat—the waterman rowed among the boats, and his boy, who stood at the head of his boat, got a sound drubbing because"

because the others would not let him pass." "*O never mind it,*" said the old one, and kept rowing on.

In a very short conversation with the principal of the Turkish Embassy, a gentleman was asked by his Excellency, if he had ever seen Constantinople! Being answered in the negative, the Turkish Ambassador moved the position of his legs, reclined forwards, and assured the Englishman, "that he had then the world to see."

An Eye to Business.

A legal gentleman of the Temple, who, for a considerable time, paid his addresses to the daughter of a bookseller in Holborn, was some days ago forbidden the house; on which he immediately sent in a bill of 91*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* for *two hundred and seventy-five* attendances, advising on family affairs, &c.

Buonaparte.

Madam de Stael, Necker's daughter, detained Buonaparte as he came out of her father's closet at Copet, with a long political harangue, in which she recommended him particularly, *De nourrir la Republique, nourrir le credit publique, nourrir le commerce,* and when she had done, the First Consul asked but one question, *Madame, do you cherish your children?* and left her without waiting for an answer.

A Bull.

An Hibernian being lately asked if he liked salmon, answered, "Yes, pickled; for," says he, "If

" if I go to market and buy a bit of *fresh* salmon it is so *stale* that it is not fit to eat."

The Thorn;

By Robert Burns.

From the white-blossom'd sloe, my dear CHLOE requested,
A sprig her fair breast to adorn;
" No, by heav'ns," I exclaim'd, " may I perish, if ever
I plant in that bosom a *thorn!*"

The Insane Organist.

At Worcester, there was an ideot, who was employed at the cathedral there, in blowing the organ. A remarkable fine anthem being performed one day, the organ-blower, when all was over, said, " I think we have performed mighty well to-day." " *We* performed! answered the organist; I think 'twas I performed, or I am much mistaken." Shortly after, another celebrated piece of music was to be played. In the middle of the anthem, the organ stops all at once. The organist cries out in a passion, " Why don't you blow?" The fellow, on that, pops out his head from behind the organ, and said, " Shall it be *we* then?"

A fine drove of bullocks being lately brought to Stilton barracks for the French prisoners, one of them a droll fellow, exclaimed—" Sure de Englishman eat no more beef, now he bring all the bulls daddies here to be kill!"

An Omen of Ill Luck.

Hashim coming one day out of his palace, met a man who had but one eye, whom he commanded to

to be seized and imprisoned. "What is my fault?" said the unhappy wretch. "Thou are one-eyed," exclaimed the tyrant, "and meeting a one-eyed person is ominous of ill luck." "Gracious heaven!" rejoined the man, "if the having only one eye is unlucky, it is only so to himself; but meeting a tyrant is an omen of ill to others. Perceivest thou not, that thy meeting me has done thee no harm, while my meeting thee hath involved me in misfortune?" Hashim was confounded, and released the unfortunate man.

An Enigma.

At a banquet, when solving enigmas was one of the diversions, Alexander said to his courtiers—"What is that which did not come last year, has not come this year, and will not come next year?" A distressed officer starting up, said—"It certainly must be our arrears of pay."—The King was so diverted, that he commanded him to be paid up, and also increased his salary!

Punishment for a False Oath.

An honest coal-heaver, being a witness in a court of justice, was asked by the counsel, If he understood the nature of an oath; to which having answered in the affirmative, "What will be the consequence (enquired the counseller) of your taking a false one?" Why, master, (replied the coal-heaver) I shall go to hell and be lathered like a sack.

Among the rewards received from Buonaparte, it appears that *Trumpeters* come in for their full share of their distinctions, which seems to show that honour may some times be obtained by *puffing*.

Crim

Crim Con Bill.

The ladies have very narrowly escaped being placed in an awkward predicament, by Parliamentary interference with the freedom of their actions; by one measure it was intended to punish them for their *incontinence;* and, by another, they were to be prohibited from making a *vow of chastity.*

Cow Pox.

The late fashionable inoculation by the *Cow Pox*, it is said will remove all apprehensions, lest the breed of *John Bull* should degenerate.

A Long Breakfast.

A Farmer observing his servant a long time at breakfast, said "John you make a long breakfast," "Master," said he "a cheese of this size is not so soon eaten as you think of!"

Sailors in an Ale House.

"The French are the cursedest fools upon earth; I never knew one that had common sense;" said Jack, "why now what is this that I hold in my hand? only tell me."

They all cried out; "A mug, to be sure."

"Aye, to be sure it is; but what d'ye think the French blockheads call it?—why they call it a pot."

"Come," cries another, taking the pot in his hand, "Here's Old England at war with all the world, say I—there is nothing to be got by these mangy French; but spht my topsails if I don't want to have a brush with the Dons. There's something to be got from them."

"Aye," cries another, "and these what d'ye call 'em fellows that belong to the Pope of Rome; not

not that there's much to be got from them, but only one of their bald pated parsons wanted to have me brought to the gang-way for lighting my pipe at a great candle that stood before a large wooden doll. I should like to trim such ungrateful scoundrels, who would have been all over-run by the confounded French if our brave dragoons had not come and sav'd them from *popery* and slavery.

Newspapers.

Newspapers as well as cards are capable of affording a variety of entertainment. Thus, after having read each column by itself *downwards*, you may read two columns together *onwards*; and by this new method you may find much more entertainment than in the common way of reading, with a greater variety of articles curiously blended, or strikingly contrasted! such as the following:

Last night the Princess Royal was baptized
Mary, alias Moll Hacket, alias black Moll.

'Tis said a great expedition is intended,
Pray stop it, and the party.

A certain Commonner will be created a Peer,
*** No greater reward will be offered.

This morning will be married the Lord Viscount,
And afterwards hung in chains, pursuant to his sentence.

Any Lady desirous of lying in privately,
Will be safely delivered at any part of the town.

Wants a place of all Work,
A strong bodied Mare, mistress of 16 stons.

To be let, and entered on immediately,
A young Woman that will put her Hand to any thing

Advice to Eaters.

Advice to hearty eaters, as given in Bulwer's *Anthropometamorposis*: "STRIDOR DENTIUM—ALTER SILENTIUM; RUMOR GENTIUM." Which, for the benefit of country gentlemen, has been humourously Englished thus. "*Work for the jaws; A silent pause: Frequent ha-has.*" An attention to this, he observes, "adjourns discourse until the belly be full, at which time men are at better leisure, and may securely venture upon table-talk; the observation of which natural rule might have saved Anacreon's life, who endangering himself this way, died by the seed of a grape."

Insensibility.

A gentleman was waked in the middle of the night, for the purpose of being informed that his father was dead; he turned again to sleep, "Oh! how I shall be grieved in the morning, when I awake again."

Christmas.

O blessed season! lov'd by saints and sinners,
For long devotions, or for longer dinners;
More grateful still to those who deal in books,
Now not with readers, but with pastry-cooks:
Learn'd works, despis'd by those to merit blind,
By these well-weigh'd, their certain value find:
Bless'd lot of paper, falsely called *waste*,
To bear those cakes, which authors seldom taste.

Epigram.

By Dean Swift.

The rose's age is but a day;
Its bloom, the pledge of its decay:

Sweet in scent; in colour bright:
It blows at morn, and fades at night.

Epigram.

Imitated by Dean Swift.

My age is not a moment's stay;
My birth the same with my decay.
I favour ill; no colour know;
And fade, that instant that I blow.

The Stranger.

The late Dr. Howard, of pleasant memory, collecting a brief with the parish officers of St. George, Southwark, where he had been many years Rector, called, among the rest of the inhabitants, on a grocer, with whom he had a running account. To prevent being first asked for a settlement, he enquired if he was not some trifle in his debt. On referring to the ledger, there appeared a balance of seventeen shillings in favour of the tradesman: the doctor had recourse to his pocket, and pulling out some halfpence, a little silver, and a guinea, Mr. Fig, eyeing the latter with a degree of surprise, exclaimed, "Good God, Sir," you seem to have got a *stranger* there!" "Indeed I have, Mr. Fig," replied the wit, returning it very deliberately into his pocket, "*and before we part we shall be better acquainted.*"

Sir J. Hill.

When the late Sir John Hill first launched into the literary world, he, amongst other voluminous works in all sciences, wrote several farces, which he recommended very strongly to Mr. Garrick for representation. Garrick, however, not judging them

them to possess merit enough for the stage, politely refused them, which so irritated the doctor, that he constantly squibbed at him in the news-papers, some of which he at that time commanded. Garrick bore all very patiently for some time: at last, thinking it necessary to hint to the world the occasion of this antipathy, he told it to the public in the following very severe epigram:

"For physic and farces
His equal there scarce is;
For his *farces* are *physic*, and his *physic* a *farce* is."

Common Sense.

A famous Scotch highlander, being confounded with the arguments used by an English gentleman, against Ossian, tending to shew that it was an insult to common sense to believe so rank a forgery, answered, "The English are a stupid people, for they can conceive nothing beyond common sense." The Englishman replied, "They are much more stupid who cannot *conceive* common sense."

An artful Stratagem.

A merry fellow came to his inn very wet and cold; and the kitchen fire so thronged, that there was no access to it. He called presently to his hostler to give his horse a peck of oysters. "You mean a peck of oats, Sir," said he. "No, sirrah, I say a *peck of oysters.*" The hostler obeyed his command: all the people running from the fire side into the stable, to see the sea-horse eat oysters. In the mean time he got the warmest seat, and they return like fools as they went. The hostler brings him word that his horse would eat no

oysters. "No?" says he, "bring them to me then, and I shall eat them myself."

The Great Duke of Marlborough.

When Marshal Tallard was riding with the Duke of Marlborough in his carriage, after the victory of Blenheim, "My Lord Duke," says the Marshal, "you have beaten to-day the best troops in the world." "I hope," replied the Duke, "you *except* those who have had the honour of beating them."

Dr. Henniker,

Being in private conversation with the Earl of Chatham, his Lordship asked him, among other questions, how he defined wit? "My Lord," said the Doctor, "Wit is like what a pension would be, given by your Lordship to your humble servant—*A good thing well applied.*"

Voltaire.

The late Empress of Russia once sent this celebrated genius a little ivory box made by her own hands. Voltaire, upon this, got his niece to instruct him in knitting stockings, and actually half finished a pair of white silk, when he became completely tired. In this unfinished state he sent them to the Empress, with a charming poetical epistle, replete with gallantry, in which he told her, that as she had presented him with a piece of *man's* workmanship, wrought by a woman, he thought it his duty to crave her acceptance in return, of a piece of *woman's* work, from the hands of a man.

Shuter.

Shuter, the Comedian.

It is well known that this celebrated comedian, in the very early part of his life, was tapster at a public house in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. A gentleman one day ordered him to call a hackney coach, which he accordingly did, and attended the gentleman at his getting in. It so happened that the gentleman left his gold-headed cane in the coach, and missing it the next morning, went immediately to the public house, to inquire of the boy, Ned (who called the coach) whether he could tell the number. Shuter, who was then no great adept in figures, except in his own way of scoring up a reckoning, immediately replied—"It was two pots of porter, a shillingsworth of punch, and a paper of tobacco." The gentleman, upon this, was as much at a loss as ever, till Ned whipped out his chalk, and thus scored the reckoning —4 4 for two pots of porter, 0 for a shillingworth of punch, and a line across the two pots of porter for a paper of tobacco, which formed the number 440. The gentleman in consequence recovered his cane; and thinking it a pity such acuteness of genius should be buried in an alehouse, took him away, and put him to school, and thereby enabled him to shine as the first comedian of his time!

Bannister.

Charles Bannister strolling in a country churchyard with the writer of this article, a few summers since, and perusing the inscriptions which every where presented themselves, at length came to a

stone on which was engraved, from the emphatic Young,

"Where is the dust which has not been alive?"

"Aye," says Charles, "where indeed! and a damned dust it has kicked up too."

I kill two Birds with one Stone.

A physician who lived in London, visited a lady who lived in Chelsea. After continuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension, that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account, "Oh! madam!" replied the doctor, "I have another patient in this neighbourhood, and by that means, you know, *I kill two birds with one stone.*"

Lord Heathfield.

The late Lord Heathfield paid so great a regard to military discipline, as even to enforce its observance in the person of his footman, who was always noticed by the spectators to be remarkably uniform in the manner of holding out his arm, while assisting the veteran from his carriage, the footstep of which hung three down. The man usually called out, in a military tone—"*One, two, three—the ground.*"

The good Effects of bringing your Wife to Town.

A few days since, a bookseller from Yorkshire, who generally came to London to settle with his tradesmen once a year, arrived in town, together with his lady, who had a great desire to behold the fine sights in London, as well as to see that business was transacted properly. They accordingly issued

issued out, and discharged the bookseller they had formerly dealt with, and proceeded with great speed to the warehouse of another, with whom they intended to settle a correspondence. After the compliments of the day, Mr. and Mrs. —— seated, &c. Mr. —— began to tell his business; upon which his lady interrupting him, said—"My dear, you don't know any thing of the matter, I——" "Hold your tongue, my dear," replied the husband, and was again proceeding; but madam, used to different ways at home, interrupted the poor man again, and again, 'till, tired and ashamed, he in a great perturbation exclaimed, "Do as you like then;" and immediately quitting the shop, went to the Swan with two Necks, got into a coach, and was home the next day, where his lady was obliged to follow after depriving themselves of one correspondent, and made no settlement with another.

"Is there any person dead here," said a man in a low voice on observing some straw spread before a door. "Undoubtedly; and the straw is put there to prevent such *wise* ones as you making a noise."

Naivette.

I heard, while in France, a risible instance of naiveté and ignorance. Three young ladies, much of an age, were boarded in a convent, where they contracted a most fond friendship for each other, and made up their little resolutions never to part as long as they lived. But how to contrive this, when in a few years their parents would take them out of the nunnery, to marry them to different husbands? After repeated deliberations, it was discovered that the only way of remaining in constant union was, that all the three should wed

wed one and the same husband. Upon further inquiry and discussion this was observed to be contrary to law; and at length the wisest head of the three observed that they might all marry the Great Turk. A letter was composed in great form, the result of the choicest eloquence of all the three, explaining the tender friendship which united them, and the choice they had made of him for their husband. They added, that as soon as they had received their first communion, they would set out for Constantinople; and begged that all might be prepared for their reception.

Delighted with this expedient, the three friends set off their letter to the post-office, with this direction, *To Mr. Great Turk, at his Seraglio, Constantinople, By Lyons.* The oddity of the direction was the occasion of the letter being opened, and of the discovery of this great plot.

New mode of drowning.

Talking of an acquanintance, who was going to Ireland in very rainy weather, Mr. Walpole observed, that he ran a risk of being drowned *from above.*

Real Value of Men.

A bishop of Soissons, in the twelfth century, gave for a fine horse, destined for his public entrance into the city, five villani, or slaves attached to his lands, three men, and two women. Thus a horse is a more valuable animal than a man. And so now. How many black slaves would be the price of a capital race-horse, if races were fashionable in the West-Indies?

The New Robinson Crusoe.

Sir T. Robinson was a tall, uncouth man, and his stature was often rendered still more remarkable by

by his hunting dress, a postilion's cap, a tight green jacket, and buckskin breeches. He was liable to sudden whims; and once set off on a sudden, in his hunting suit, to visit his sister, who was married and settled at Paris.

He arrived while there was a large company at dinner. The servant announced *M. Robinson*, and he came in, to the great amazement of the guests. Among others, a French abbé thrice lifted his fork to his mouth, and thrice laid it down, with an eager state of surprise. Unable to restrain his curiosity any longer, he burst out with, "Excuse me, Sir. Are you the famous Robinson Crusoe so remarkable in history?"

Pride.

DIOGENES the Cynic, being in the house of Plato, trode over the carpets with his dirty feet, saying, *I trample the pride of Plato. True*, said Plato, *but with a greater Pride.*

A person once reading a dull book in company, and seeing at length the white leaf at the end, exclaimed, *Courage, friends! I see land.*

One asking him the best hour for dinner, was answered, *To a rich man an hour; to a poor, when he can.*

Diogenes walking along, was struck with a long piece of timber which a fellow carried, who then said "Take care!" *What!* said the Cynic, *do you mean to strike me again?*

The Mendicant.

One asking a large sum of a prodigal, who wondering said "Why do you ask me for such a sum,

sum, when a penny from others contents you?" answered *Because I may receive from others again, but I doubt much if from you.*

The orations of Demosthenes were said to smell of the lamp, because he used much night-watching to correct them. A person suspected of theft objected this to him; he answered, *I know that we who use lamps at night are incommodious to you.*

A woman received a sum of money from two guests to keep, on condition that she should restore it in presence of both. One of them after some time came to the woman in mourning habit, and relating the death of his companion, received the sum. Soon after the other came, and made his demand. The poor woman in despair employed Demosthenes; who pleaded for her thus, This woman is ready to deliver her trust but cannot do it save in presence of your companion; for you say yourself that the money was not to be given to one save in presence of the other. She was acquitted.

"*This is not me.*"

A scholar, a bald man, and a barber, travelling together, agreed each to watch four hours at night, in turn, for the sake of security. The barber's lot came first, who shaved the scholar's head when asleep, then waked him when his turn came. The scholar scratching his head, and feeling it bald, exclaimed, *You wretch of a barber, you have waked the bald man instead of me.*

The

The Generous Imposture.

One selling the wife of Gallienus false gems for true, she called for vengeance. The emperor ordered the man to be seized, as if to be thrown to lions in the amphitheatre. All sitting in horrid expectation of seeing a lion let out, only a hare appeared; and, to appease the publick wonder, Gallienus caused proclaim, *He has committed an imposture, and has suffered an imposture.* A generous imposture! and which shews that Gallienus, though effeminate, had not a bad heart.

Some persons conversing in a bookseller's shop, a stranger came in, upon which one of them in an arch way exclaimed, "Why is Saul among the Prophets?" The stranger answered, "*He is seeking his fathers asses, and lo! he has found them.*"

The Importunate Beggar.

A lady in France was some time ago followed by a beggar, who very importunately asked her for alms, she refused him, when with a profound sigh "Yet the alms I asked you for would have prevented me from executing my present resolution." The lady was alarmed lest the man should commit some rash attempt on his own life, she called him back, and gave him two livres, the sum he had begged, and asked him what he had just said, "madam," said the fellow, laying hold of the money, "I have been begging all day in vain, and but for these two livres I should have been obliged to work!"

Corporations.

It is a curious trait in the history of corporations that, the only proof an alderman can give of his being *alive*, is by *eating* of turtle and *drinking claret.*

A Medical fact.

An Irish surgeon, who had couched a cataract and restored the sight of a poor woman, in Dublin, observed in her case what he deemed a phœomenon in optics, on which he called together his professional brethren, declaring himself unequal to the solution. He stated to them, that the sight of his patient was so perfectly restored, that she could see to thread the *smallest needle*, or to perform any other operation, which required particular *accuracy* of *vision:* But that when he presented her with a book, "she was not capable of distinguishing one *letter* from another." This very singular case excited the ingenuity of all the gentlemen present, and various solutions were offered, but none could command the general assent. Doubt crowded on doubt, and the problem grew darker from every explanation, when at length, by a question put by the servant who attended, it was discovered that,—*The woman had never learned to read!!!*

Epigram.

Friar Paul, in his cell, made his exit of late,
Of the gravel, some say; but no matter for that:
He died, that's enough; and if story say right,
Arrived at hell-gates in a pitiful plight.
"Who's there?" cry'd the demon on guard: quoth the other,
"A guilty priest, sir, a catholic brother,"
"Halt, instantly halt," cry'd the centry; stand clear;
Go be damn'd somewhere else, for you shan't enter here.
We admit no such savage, no wretch so uncivil,
Who above ate his *God*, may below eat the *Devil*.

A New Sort of Physic.

When the Earl of Harrington was on his death bed many of his Mistresses came to see him; some were denied and others admitted. Among the rest, one being extremely solicitous for admittance, she was told as a reason for the denial that his Lordship had just received the Sacrament; to which she answered, supposing it some kind of Physic, that she would wait patiently 'till it had worked off.

I Tap'd the Governor.

A Sailor on board a Man of War being frequently drunk, the Captain assured him the next time he was guilty of that offence he should be severely punished, and at the same time forbid the Purser and all other persons to let him have any liquor; shortly after this the fellow appeared very drunk; how he got the liquor no one could guess; the Captain resolved to find out and punish the person who had thus disobeyed his order, promising to forgive him if he would tell how he got the liquors, after some hesitation he hiccupped out "why, and please your honour, I tapped the Governor;" by which means he had stolen some of the arrack in which the body of an East India Governor was bringing home in that ship, for interment in England.

Bad Language.

The late Sir Thomas Robinson spoke very *bad* French, and the present King of Denmark *worse* English. Some hours after the King and Sir Thomas had been together, Lord Chesterfield entered,

tered, and with a very grave face, condoled with Sir Thomas on the misunderstanding between him and the King. The astonished knight protested there was no truth whatever in the report, which Lord Chesterfield interrupted, by saying:—"Confess or deny, Sir Thomas, as you pleasue; but every one knows there was *much bad language* passed between you!"

John Wessell.

"Sextus IV. having a great esteem for this learned German, sent for him, and said, "Son, ask of us what you will; nothing shall be refused to you that becomes our character to bestow, and your condition to receive." "Most Holy father," replied he, "I shall never be troublesome to your Holiness. You know I never sought after great things: the only favour I have to beg is, that you would permit me to take out of your Vatican library a Greek and a Hebrew bible." "You shall have them," said Sextus; "but what a simple man you are? Why do you not ask for a bishopric?"—"Because, Holy Father, I do not want one," replied Wessell.

Henry Stephens.

"In the printing-house of this great scholar every person spoke Latin, from the garret to the kitchen, from the master to the old maid who served in the shop. The brothers were so very anxious to have all books accurately printed at their press, that after diligently examining every sheet twice before they printed it off, they put out a third proof at their door, and promised 2 Louis d'or to any person that should find a fault in it."

Ignorant

Ignorant Simplicity.

A painter being employed to represent some cherubims and seraphims, in a country church, made them with very melancholy faces; and being asked his reasons for so doing, by the rector of the parish, he answered; "*I have your own words for the propriety of it; have I not heard you say, a thousand times over, that* cherubims and seraphims *continually do* CRY?"

The Retort Courteous.

A Schoolmaster in a country village, who, formerly, acted as a barber to the village, being in dispute with the *parish clerk*, on a point of grammar—"It is downright *barbarism*," said the clerk; "*Barbarism!*" replied the pedagogue.—"Do you mean to insult me? a *barber* speaks as good English as a parish clerk any day."

Earl of Shaftsbury.

A Bon Mot of this earl himself, was his truest character. Charles the Second said to him, one day, "Shaftsbury, I believe thou art the wickedest fellow in my dominions." He bowed and replied—"Of a *subject*, sir, I believe I am."

George Villers, Duke of Buckingham,

Gave the following instance of astonishing quickness; being present at the first representation of one of Dryden's pieces of heroic nonsense, where a lover says,

The wound is great, because it is so small!

The Duke cried out,

Then 'twould be greater were it none at all!

Jockeyship.

Louis XI. when he was a youth, used to visit a peasant, whose garden produced excellent fruit. Soon after he ascended the throne, this peasant waited on him, and brought his little present, a turnip, from his garden, of an extraordinary size. The king smiled, remembered his past pleasures, and ordered a thousand crowns to the peasant.

The lord of his village hearing of this liberality, argued with himself thus: "If this peasant have a thousand crowns for a turnip, I have only to present a fine horse to this munificent monarch, and my fortune is made." As others might entertain the same idea, he loses no time, but mounts one horse; and leads in his hand a beautiful Barb, the pride of his stable. He arrives at court, and requests the King's acceptance of his little present. Louis highly praised the steed; and the donor's expectations were raised to the utmost, when the King exclaimed, "Bring me my turnip"—and added, in presenting it to the *seignor*, "Hold! this cost me a thousand crowns, and I give it you for your horse."

Value of an Oath.

A Norman was telling another a great absurdity as a matter of fact. "You are jesting," said the hearer. "Not I, on the faith of a Christian."—"Will you wager?"—"No, I won't wager; but I am ready to swear to it."

New Proof of Friendship.

Sir *** *** was a great amateur, nay, practiser, of boxing and wrestling; and willingly imparted his knowledge to those who consulted him. A lord

lord in his neighbourhood calling on him one day, they walked into the garden, and the baronet started his favourite topic. The peer's politeness leading him to say that he should wish to see a specimen of the baronet's boasted skill, Sir *** suddenly seized him from behind, and threw him over his head. Up starts my lord in a rage, when the baronet addressed him with great gravity, "My lord, this is a proof of my great friendship for you. This master-stroke I have shewn to no other person living."

Artful Questions.

Dominico, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV. at supper, fixed his eye on a dish of partridges The King, who was fond of his acting, said, "Give that dish to Dominico."—"And the partridges too, Sire?" Louis, penetrating his art, replied, "And the partridges too." The dish was gold.

Fontenelle.

Wit, or even what the French term *esprit*, seems little compatible with feeling. Fontenelle was a great egotist, and thought of nothing but himself. One of his old acquaintances went one day to see him at his country house, and said he had come to eat a bit of dinner. "What shall we have? Do you like 'sparagus?" said Fontenelle. "If you please; but with oil."—"Oil! I prefer them with sauce."—"But sauce disagrees with me," replied the guest. "Well, well, we shall have them with oil." Fontenelle then went out to give his orders; but on his return found his poor acquaintance dead of an apoplexy. Running to the head

of the stairs he called out, "Cook! dress the 'sparagus with sauce."

A Man of Punctuality.

Hal sent me word he'd dine with me
Precisely at the hour of three;
But, meeting with some tavern-goer,
Agreed to join his mess at four.

With which d'ye think he kept his word?
"Perhaps with both." No, friend, a *third*
Happen'd to cross him on his way,
And he with *him* has pass'd the day.

An Election Kiss.

A Chimney-Sweeper in a certain borough-town, being one of the last voters at a violently contested election, was strongly pressed by each candidate to honour him with his vote. The fellow, who was for some time at a loss to tell which fine gentleman most merited his suffrage, at last recollecting that he had often heard of kissing hands among the great folks, declared that he would not vote for either, unless they would kiss his hand. One of them accordingly came forward; and, having vainly endeavoured to persuade the Sweep to dispense with so disagreeable a ceremony, actually saluted his sooty fingers: after which, confidently claiming the expected reward, "No, no!" says the Chimney-Sweeper, "I shan't vote for you; for, I'm very sure, he that would kiss my hand, would kiss any minister's a—se."

Square Head.

A Student of the Middle Temple being just called to the bar, sent for the peruke-maker to measure

measure him for a new tye-wig. The peruquier, on applying his apparatus in one direction, was observed to smile. Upon which the young barrister desiring to know what ludicrous circumstance gave rise to his mirth, the barber replied, that he could not but remark the extreme length of his honour's head: "That's well," said the student; "we lawyers have occasion for long heads." The barber, who had by this time compleated the dimensions, now burst out into a fit of laughter; and, an explanation being insisted on, at last declared, that he could not possibly contain himself, when he discovered that his honour's head was just as thick as it was long.

Prayers.

Two boys belonging to the chaplains of two different men of war, entertaining each other with an account of their respective manners of living: "How often, Jack," says one of them, "do you go to prayers?" "We only pray," replied Jack, "when we are afraid of a storm, or are going to fight." "Aye," says the former, "there's some sense in that; but my master makes us go to prayers when there's no more occasion for it than for me to jump into the sea."

Curious Advertisement.

W——, April 12, 1800.—"W. H——, whitesmith, gardener, fishmonger, schoolmaster, and watchman. Teeth drawn occasionally, shoemaker, chapel clerk, crier of the town, running footman, groom and organ blower, keeper of the town hall, letter-carrier, brewer, winder of the town clock, toller of the eight o'clock bell, waiter and bill-poster,

poster, fire-bucket mender to the Salamander fire-office, street-sprinkler, assistant to the Staffordshire pottery, fire-lighter to the dancing-master, sheriff's officer's deputy, ringer of the market bell, toll-taker to the bailiff of the hundred, and keeper and deliverer of the fair standings—returns his most grateful acknowledgments to the inhabitants of W—— and its vicinity, for the many favours already received, and begs to assure them, that it shall be his constant study to merit their patronage.

☞ "A fashionable assortment of every thing in the above lines. Country orders executed with the greatest punctuality and dispatch. An apprentice wanted; a genteel premium expected.

*** "Most money given for old leather."

Definition of Wit.

My easy friends, since ye think fit,
This night to luctibrate on *wit*;
And since ye judge that I compose
My thoughts in rhyme better than prose,
I'll give my judgment in a song,
And here it comes, be't right or wrong.
But first of all I'll tell a tale,
That with my case runs parellel.

There was a manting lad in Fife,
Wha cou'd na, for his very life,
Speak without stammering very lang,
Yet never manted when he sang.
His father's kiln he anes saw burning,
Which gart the lad run breathless mourning;
Hameward, with cliver strides he lap,
To tell his daddy his mishap.

At

At distance, e'er he reach'd the door,
He stood, and rais'd a hideous roar:
His father, when he heard his voice
Stepp'd out, and said—" Why a' this noise?"
The calland gap'd, and glowr'd about,
But na ae word could he lug out,
His dad cry'd, kenning his defect—
" Sing, sing, or I shall break your neck!"
Then soon he gratified his sire,
And sung aloud, " *Your kiln's a-fire.*"

Now ye'll allow there's *wit* in that,
To tell a tale so very pat.

Bright *wit* appears in many a shape,
Which some invent, and others ape.
Some shaw their *wit* in wearing claiths,
And some in coining of new aiths;
There's crambo *wit* in making rhyme,
And dancing *wit* in beating time;
There's mettled *wit* in story-telling,
In writing grammar, and right spelling;
Wit shines in knowledge of politics,
And, vow! what *wit's* among the critics.

So far, my mates, excuse me while I play,
In strains ironic, with that heavenly ray;
Rays which the human intellects refine,
And make the man with brilliant lustre shine,
Marking him sprung from origin divine.
Yet may a well-rigg'd ship be full of flaws,
So may loose *wits* regard no social laws:
That ship the waves will soon to pieces shake;
So, 'midst his vices, sinks the *witty* rake.
But when on first-rate virtues *wit* attends,
It both itself and virtue recommends,
And challenges respect where'er its blaze extends.

Le Gueux Fanfaron.

Certain gueux, dont tout l'équipage
Etoit de differens morceaux,
Tout dechirez & par lambeaux,
Et qui de mendiant faisoit le personnage;
Ayant émeu d'un passant la pitié,
Qui le jugeant sans aucune ressource,
Tire une piece de sa bourse,
En lui disant, tiens, prens, en la moitié,
Et pour d'autres me rens le reste.
Ce drôle ayant bien foüillé, bien cherché,
Par tout ce qu'il avoit encore de caché,
Lui répondit: Monsieur, je vous proteste,
Pour avec vous ne point faire le fin,
J'ai beau foüiller & chercher, & c'est en vain;
Je ne saurois vous trouver de monnoye,
Quelque fort desir que j'en aye;
Chez moi sans y penser j'ai laissé mon butin,
En changeant d'habit ce matin.
Les gens, tout gueux qu'ils sont, ne sauroient se defaire
De leur orgueilleux caractere.

The Literary Monk.

A monk, who acted as librarian to his society, being employed to make a catalogue of the books, on taking up an Hebrew author, of which tongue he was completely ignorant, was a long time at a loss how to describe the volume. At length he inserted it in the catalogue, under the title of *a book which has the beginning where the end should be.*

The Dying Miser.

Mr. L——, the famous usurer, during his last illness frequently fell into fainting-fits, which exhibited

hibited the appearance of immediate dissolution. His friends, by great attention, and by calling in very able physicians, for some time protracted his life, and procured to the patient symptoms of returning health. One of these his confessor thought, a good opportunity of reminding the sick man of his approaching fate. To effect this pious intention, he presented before the eyes of the expiring usurer a silver crucifix. M. L—— surveyed the cross with minute attention, and suddenly exclaimed: "Sir, I can lend you but a very small sum on such a pledge."

The Pathetic Psalmodist.

A priest, more fam'd for voice than wit,
Chaunted one day, in such a fit
Of holy zeal, that all the choir
Such efforts could not but admire.
When the priest saw, with fond surprize,
The tears flow fast from Annett's eyes,
He could not doubt his pow'r to move
The streams of sympathy and love.
The service ended, he address'd
The nymph, and, whilst her hand he press'd,
Began to hint his am'rous fears:
Perhaps his singing caus'd her tears?
He own'd he all his pow'rs had tried.—
"Ah! spare my woes," the maid replied:
"I've lately lost—ah me!—alas!
How great my loss!—my fav'rite ass.
And when, Sir Priest, you sung to-day,
I thought I heard his well-known *bray*."

The Prince of Wales.

In the rooms of Bath, a few days ago, the Prince left Miss ——, to enter into conversation,

tion with Mrs. ——, a very plain woman. When he returned to the former, he was rallied for paying so marked an attention to *such a person*. "It is true, madam," said he, "that Mrs. ——, is far from being beautiful, but she is sensible in her conversation, and engaging in her manner, and never speaks of another, *not even of any of her own sex*."

Fashionable Friendship.

Thus, with kind words, Sir Edward cheer'd his friend,
" Dear Dick, thou on my friendship may'st depend;
" I know thy fortune is but very scant,
But, be assur'd, I'll ne'er *see* Dick in want:"
Dick's soon confin'd—his friend no doubt wou'd free him,
His word he kept,—in want he ne'er would *see* him.

Epigram.

The Reason why Women have no Beards.

What is the reason, pray, why the fair sex
Possess no beards, no beards their chins perplex?
The reason's clear, their itch for talk is such,
A razor wou'd draw blood at ev'ry touch!

Epigram, from the French.

Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool:
But you yourself may serve to shew it,
That every *fool* is not a *poet*.

Supplementary Militia.

A Cheshire rustic waited upon a justice of peace with a substitute for the supplementary militia; when he accosted him with—"An yo pleasen, measter justice, I am broughten yo a prostitute to *serve* in the superstitious *militia*." "Have you so?" cried his worship, "then bring the *lady* in."—(See the plate.)

The Derivation of the word News.

The word explains itself without the muse,
And the four letters speak from whence come news;
From north, east, west, south, the solution made,
Each quarter gives account of war and trade.

Bon Mot.

One cannot but admire this answer, laconic and sensible, of a Lacedemonian lady, who, being interrogated by another by way of sarcasm, "what she brought her husband in marriage," replied—"*chastity*."

Forestalling.

The mayor of a certain provincial town threatens with the utmost rigour of the law, all those who shall forestal flour, potatoes, *bricks*, and other necessaries of life!!

Epigram.

As Jack and Bob together sat
One night, indulging sober chat,
"The world," cries Jack, "is grown too bad,
"It makes a thinking person sad.
There's not upon this earthly sphere
One lover true, or friend sincere.

All, all from virtue's maxim's stray,
And vice bears universal sway."
"Hold, hold," says Bob, "you run too fast,
Some few you must except, at least,
Or, (granting what you say be true)
Virtue a stranger is to *you*."

The Sailor's Petition.

The captain of one of the British frigates, a man of undaunted bravery, had a natural antipathy to a *cat*. A sailor, who from his misconduct had been ordered a flogging, saved his back by presenting to his captain the following Petition.

By your honour's command
A culprit I stand,
An example to all the ship's crew;
I am pinion'd and stript,
And condemn'd to be whipt;—
And if I am flogg'd—'tis my due!

A *cat*, I am told,
In abhorrence you hold:
Your honour's aversion is mine!——
If a *cat* with *one* tail
Makes your stout heart to fail,
O, save me from one that has *nine!*

A dark View.

At a late Irish agricultural meeting there were so many *prize bulls*, the judges, we are told, had not done viewing them until a long time *after* it became *dark*.

Newgate Anecdote.

From Dibdin's Musical Tour.

A poor fellow, whose irons had been just knocked off in the press-yard, was seen to whimper; upon

upon which Mr. Akerman, who bears the character of a thinking and considerate man, pleased probably to see an unexpected example of feeling, in one who had always appeared very hardened, asked him, with great kindness, what troubled him, saying, that any thing in his power that could alleviate his distress for the few short moments he had to live he should be welcome to: "as to your fate," said he, "you seemed a few moments ago to be very resigned to it." "Lord love you," replied the poor wretch, sniveling, "'tis not that—as to hanging, 'tis as well *now* as *another* time: but I have not six-pence to buy a natty night-cap—and a man you know, master Akerman, may as well go *decent* out of the world; but I should not mind it so much, if that *Ned Nubbing Cheat* had not refused to lend me his; and that you know was damned ill-natured, for he can't want it till *next* sessions!"

Original English Epigram.

Novi ingenium mulierum—nolint ubi volis,
Ubi nolis cupiunt ultro. TER.

Said lady Bab to lady Ann,
"How sweet to lure, then teaze bold man,
That dare solicit our embraces!"
Capricious, vain, when lovers sigh'd,
With haughty air, "Good Sirs," they cry'd:
"We can't surrender all the *Graces*."

Thus lady Bab and lady Ann
So long pursu'd this idle plan,
That wrinkled time had stamp'd their faces;
They now, in turn, began to sigh,
When old and young would sneering cry,
"Ladies, where fled are all the *Graces*?"

Breed of Asses.

It is said that the breed of Spanish *asses* in this country is much obstructed by the *jealousy* of the Spanish court, which sets a high value on that animal. This however ought not to make us uneasy; the article is too plentiful among ourselves to "covet our *neighbour's asses*."

Epigram

For the *source* of the Nile let philosophers seek,
What need we to know but its *name*?
For Nelson's brave actions shall forcibly speak,
That its *mouths* are the *sources* of fame.

French Navy.

The French say they are *determined* to have a navy. HARRY HOTSPUR says well, that any man can "call spirits from the vasty deep!"—"but will *they come* when thou dost call them, aye?"

Absolution.

One Tetzel, a Dominician, and a retailer of *indulgences*, had picked up a vast sum at Leipsic. A gentleman of that city who had no veneration for such superstitions, went to Tetzel, and asked him if he could sell him an *indulgence* before hand, for a certain crime which he would not specify, and which he intended to commit. Tetzel said yes: provided they could agree upon the price. The bargain was struck—the money paid, and the *absolution* delivered in due form. Soon after this the gentleman knowing that Tetzel was going from Leipsic, well loaded with cash, way-laid him, robbed him, and cudgelled him, and told him at parting,

parting, that this was the crime for which he had purchased an *absolution*. George, Duke of Saxony, a zealous friend to the court of Rome, hearing of this robery, at first was very angry, but being informed of the whole story, he laughed heartily, and forgave the criminal.

A Word of Comfort to the French, on the Assassination of Bonnier and Roberjot.

Grieve not, Great Nation, nor lament,
The fate of that sad day;
Rememb'ring you have *thousands* still
Of *scoundrels*, great as they!

Crim Con.

The ancient punishment for *crim. con.* was to *shave* the head of the offender. This custom is antiquated, but many ladies of fashion still wear *wigs!!!*

Mr. Bannister relates a very witty thing said by Jack Ketch, as he was tying the halter. A culprit asked him "if he had any commands to the other world?" "Why," said Jack Ketch, "not many; I'll only" added he, as he adjusted the knot under his left ear, "just trouble you—with *a line*."

Lord Kenyon.

An action was brought before Lord Kenyon, between Mrs. H. of Lombard-street, and Mr. W. of Bartlet's-buildings, Holborn, for a breach of promise of marriage. One of the witnesses being asked his name, trade, and place of abode—he said his name was S. he was a book-binder, and

lived in Lombard-street, where the parties frequently met together, and where the promise was made in his hearing; likewise affirming, "He believed he was the very first that introduced them to each other." "Then," said Lord Kenyon, "I suppose your intention was to *bind them up together in one volume.*"

Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson, in the earlier life of both, was on terms of intimate friendship with Mrs. Brooke, the author of Julia Mandeville, &c. When that lady was about to accompany her husband to Canada, the doctor called a few days before her departure, to take his leave of her; on his introduction, he found her in the midst of a large circle of friends, who were assembled for the same purpose; after a short stay, he bade her adieu, and went down stairs. In a few minutes a servant came to inform his mistress, that she was wanted in the parlour. Mrs. Brooke accordingly obeyed the summons, and to her great surprise saw the doctor sitting with much composure in an elbow chair: "Madam," said he, with his usual solemnity, "I did not choose to take so long a leave of so old a friend without giving her a kiss; and, as I did not think it proper to take this liberty before so many people, I sent for you, that I might take a salute without our being liable to any impertinent observation." With great formality the doctor saluted his female friend, and departed.

Appropriate Texts.

Some of our reverend gentlemen, who are denominated *popular preachers*, display great ingenuity

in

in their choice of suitable texts. At an anniversary sermon preached before the Chelsea pensioners, a discourse was a few days since delivered from the following apposite text—"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come, and the days in which thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." A gentleman, who preached a sermon before the Society for recovering Persons apparently drowned, selected the following—"Trouble not yourselves about him; the man is not dead." For a wedding sermon, preached a short time since at a country town in Shropshire, a reverend gentleman took part of the story of Jephtha's daughter—"And she went upon the mountains, and bewailed her virginity." A reverend Dean, who published a sermon for the benefit of the poor Clergy in a provincial diocese, properly enough selected the following—"Set on the great pot, and seeth pottage for the sons of the prophets."

Feathers.

At a rout where the ladies' heads were profusely decorated with feathers, the following *repartee* took place:

What would you do, says my lord to a wit,
Should your wife thus with *feathers* equip her?
Why nothing, my lord, but what manners permit;
I'd just take the freedom to *strip her!*

The Taylor a Match for the Vintner.

At a wine-vault not far from St. Bartholomew's hospital, the landlord, who is in the habit of making so free with his customers, as to help himself to a glass of the liquor they make choice of, and

and taking money for it upon receiving the reckoning, some time since ordered a pair of breeches from his taylor, who, thinking this a proper opportunity to retaliate, added to his bill another pair for himself. When the landlord asked an explanation—"Why," says Snip, "you always make me stand treat when I become your customer, and I thought it was but fair to return you the compliment."

Proverbs xxxi. 6, 7, versified by the celebrated Robert Burns.

Gie him strong drink, until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care:
There let him bouse, an' deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.

The affectionate Husband.

The wife of Mr. ———, of whom he was most doatingly fond, being taken extremely ill on the continent, died on the road in the south of France. When she found her dissolution approaching, she made him promise to convey her corpse to England. Accordingly, he travelled with the coffin fixed upon the top of the chaise—one evening, stopping at a village, where he found but an indifferent inn, he asked what accommodation he could have? They answered that they had but one room, their best being occupied by some strangers, and that there was no other provision in the house than some eggs, and meat fresh killed. But walking

ing into the kitchen he saw a couple of fine fowls roasting, bespoken, as the host informed him, by the company above stairs. "Pray then," said Mr. ——, "be so good as to go to the gentlemen, and tell them that an English gentleman, very hungry and fatigued, presents his respects to them, and will esteem it as a particular favour if they will let him have one of the fowls." The message being deliverrd to the Frenchmen, the answer was, That if the Englishman would favour them with his company, he should be very welcome to partake of their supper. Accordingly, after having been informed that the supper was upon table, and ordered his servants to follow him with the coffin. Mr. —— entered the room; many compliments passed on each side, and the Frenchmen protested themselves happy at having so favourable an occasion of shewing their respects to an English gentleman. But when they saw two men enter with the coffin upon their shoulders, and set it down on the floor close to their master, terror and consternation rendered them almost motionless; which Mr. —— perceiving, he said— "I return you, gentlemen, my grateful thanks for your kind invitation, and beg pardon for not acquainting you that my wife must be also of the party; for as she was, when alive, my constant companion, nothing shall ever separate us whilst she remains above ground." The Frenchmen, recovered from their fright, began to set upon Mr. —— in a furious manner, ordering the coffin-bearers to take it out of the room: but Mr. —— drew his hanger, and swore that he would cut up the first man who should attempt to remove the corpse of his dear wife. The resolute tone and

manner

manner in which he spoke, so terrified them that they all scampered away as fast as their fears could take them, and left the victorious and eccentric Mr. —— in quiet possession of both the room and supper, to the great mortification of the *monsieurs* who never had, I suppose, experienced so extraordinary an instance of *English liberty* in their lives.

Fasts.

The miser fasts, because he will not eat;
The poor man fasts, because he has no meat:
The rich man fasts, with greedy mind to spare;
The glutton fasts, to eat the greater share;
The hypocrite he fasts, to seem more holy;
The righteous man to punish sin and folly!

Irish Funerals.

Certain old women, who cry particularly loud and well, are in great request. Every one wishes, and is proud to have such at his funeral, or at that of his friend. The lower Irish are wonderfully eager to attend the funerals; the time spent thus may be safely valued at half a million to the Irish nation. When a labourer, a carpenter, or a smith, is not at his work, which frequently happens, ask where he is gone, and ten to one but the answer is—"Oh, faith, please your honour, he couldn't do a stroke to-day, for he's gone to the funeral." Even beggars, when they grow old, go about begging *for their funerals*; that is, begging for money to buy a coffin, candles, pipes, and tobacco.

Gifts turned into Tributes.

The lower Irish are not singular, but they are peculiarly quick and tenacious in claiming as their rights,

rights, that which has been often given to them, "Last year your honour gave me some straw for the roof of my house, and I expect your honour will be after doing the same this year." The high and low are not always dissimilar in their habits: it is said that the Sublime Ottoman Porte is very apt to claim gifts as tributes; thus it is dangerous to send the Grand Seignor a fine horse on his birth day one year, lest, on his next birth day he should expect a similar present, and should proceed to demonstrate the reasonableness of his expectations.

The Difference.

The number of slaves stowed on board of a guinea-man has been considered and corrected as a terrible cruelty. What is the hold of a guinea-man, to that of a Margate hoy seting out from Billingsgate? To be sure the latter being an excursion for pleasure, *makes a difference!*

Epigram.

"Pay me my money!" Robin cry'd
To Richard, whom he quickly spy'd,
And by the collar seiz'd the blade,
Swearing he'd be that moment *paid;*
Base Richard instant made reply,
(And struck poor Robin in the eye)
"There's my own *mark* in black and white,
A note of *hand,* and paid at *sight!*"

"It is really humoursome to *hear* them folks sing," says an unlettered friend of mine; this puts me

me in mind of an old woman who said, "it was really a very pretty art to *watch them* make pins.

The French are certainly an ingenious people. An astronomer has discovered a method of looking the sun *full in the face* without blushing—professor Robinson says this man must be *illuminated!*

Algerine Wit.

A Frenchman, being taken prisoner by the Algerines, was asked, what he could do as a slave? His answer was, he had been used to a *sedentary* employment. "Well then," said the pirates, "we will put you on a pair of *feather* breeches, and make you *hatch chickens.*"

Epigram.

Says a priest to his clerk, why you son of a punk,
How comes it I see you thus, every day drunk?
Physicians, they say, once a month do allow,
Any man, for his health, to get drunk—as a sow.
That is right, quoth the clerk, but the day they don't say,
So, for fear I should miss it, I'm drunk *every* day.

Mr. Burke.

Mr. Burke, author of the Sublime and Beautiful, going to a book-case, and finding it locked, said, "this is Locke upon Human Understanding!"

Mammy's Darling.

In an advertisement for a young gentleman who lately left his parents, it is mentioned, that if master Bobby will return to his disconsolate mother, he shan't be put upon any more by his sister, and be allowed to *sweeten his own tea.*

FINIS.

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